

# Tom Jones, The Bed

I wake from trouble sleep  
in the middle of the night  
Reaching for the soft hand  
that once held mine so tight  
My fingers touch the pillow  
where you once layed your head  
And I run my hand down  
the cold cold sheets  
on your side of the bed

My head spins from  
the perfume  
that lingers every place  
And I kiss the trace  
of lipstick  
left on your pillow case  
And here in this nightmare  
of darkness  
I remember the day we wed  
And I clutch and tear  
at the tear stained sheets

on my side of the bed

My arms long to hold you  
my lips hunger for your kiss  
And I just couldn't  
stand to go through  
another lonely night like this

These hands that once  
coressed you  
take a bottle from the drawer  
It says take one for sleeping  
but I'm taking many more  
What good is there  
in living if the dreams  
we shed are dead  
So now at last  
I lay me down to sleep  
on you side of the bed